

EPONYM



Issue 2 | July 2020

CONNECTION

navigated by the youth
through their heartfelt and
provocative poetry, art, and
photography

Cover image by
Libby Cooper

EDITORS' NOTES

DANA ELIZABETH COLLINS:



When we chose the theme “Connection” for this issue, we didn’t realise that connection would become infinitely harder to navigate than simply keeping two feet apart from other people. Quarantine has forced a lot of people to become more familiar with themselves and with those around them. Daunting as that process may be, it’s inarguably caused our contributors to create some incredible art, which continues to blow me away every time I see it. There’s some overwhelmingly tender and provocative pieces in this issue, which I am eternally grateful to have the honour of curating. Hopefully next time I write an editor’s note for Eponym, I’ll be able to boast about the talent of these submitters from less than two metres away.

CARYS M N RICHARDS:



A lot has changed since the release of our first issue. The world seems to be in a particularly volatile state, as if we’re on the verge of a new era. Our year so far has been shaped, indefinitely, by a pandemic that on some level connects us, but has also been unfortunately divisive. On the reverse of that, many people are being enlightened to the uncomfortable truths about the structures we’re connected to, and are (hopefully) beginning to fix. But on a smaller scale, we’ve dealt with the personal changes that, regardless of global-scale issues, demand to happen. I think that personal sentiment shines through in a lot of these pieces - reminding us, wholeheartedly, of the significance of the individual and the ways we interact within this crucible of a world.

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all of us, inside my head

- Katie Kirkpatrick

maybe somehow, somewhere,
we're all swinging from tyres on trees,
feeling the first whispers of winter in our hair
and trying to not to lose our wellies to the ground below.

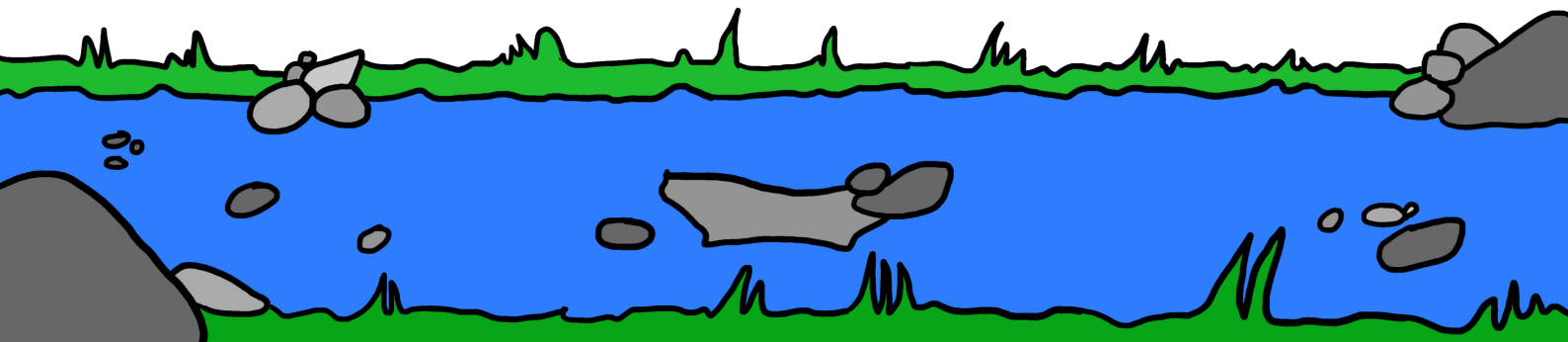
we're all kicking off the big oak,
squinting at tadpoles in the pond below,
and shrieking to the dog on the opposite bank.

and then maybe we're all climbing,
scratching ourselves on the brambles
that scribble red lines up our arms,
and yelling at our cousins to go higher.

maybe. or maybe we're all the fathers and grandparents,
standing on the grass below and calling out warnings,
voices sirening, spiralling into the breeze.

we're all zipping up our gilets and thinking
about the alcohol in the fridge at home,
the cans lit up like little metal trophies.

and then maybe we're all giving a push when needed,
sighing and picking up the fallen boots.



maybe. or maybe we're all the mothers and aunts
back at the house, perched on the old sofas,
pinky fingers peeking out of mug handles.

we're all talking about our children and our husbands,
picking at their assorted failures as we pick biscuits
from the tin on the coffee table.

and then maybe we're all shifting to sit further from the fireplace,
feeling the swelling heat on our knees, through our tights,
deciding to be warm rather than hot.

maybe. but i think we're all the dogs,
tearing through the pond,
trampling on the tadpoles,
yapping at bare ankles,
shaking ourselves dry,
and biting the wellie boots.



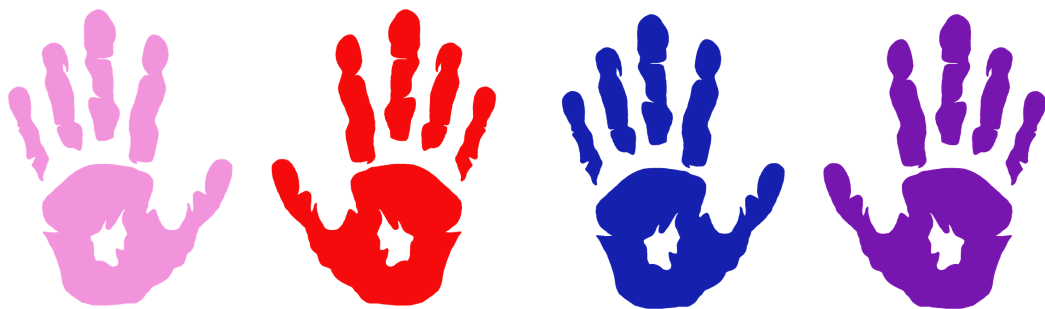
Katie has been writing poetry for about four years now, and is most proud of winning the BBC Proms Poetry competition in 2019. This poem is about childhood memories of dog walks with her family, but also about how the pandemic has made us all more aware of our desire to explore outside.

CONNECT 4

Em Power

there's a beige room somewhere west of 2010
covered in sticky hands. splattered with primary
hues to placate the bored youth. penguins dive
from shelves into icy water, sliding past igloos, over
glass lakes, until they reach terminal 5. or the tube
station beside the car rental for tourists. or jungle
gyms

marred by fumes. back where we started, stumpy
legs waddle in between games of ludo; discarded
fruit; juice boxes. four little eyes, red, watery, blinking
back and forth, are divided by a blue grid. counters
dropped. hands brush. release and hear the
clatter. aeroplane overhead. teeth on the school
field. only children, i think, can be this close



Em is a seventeen year old writer from West London. She was a Foyle Young Poet in 2018 and 2019 and was published in the Arts Richmond Roger McGough Anthology.

Dana Elizabeth Collins

when siri reads me a love poem

Her breath doesn't catch
the way mine always catches
when Edna forgets
the lips her lips have kissed,
nor does she find herself
stuck in the thicket of rhyme
I always stumble over
when Milton's day
brings back his night.
Love poems sound different
without my sobs behind them.
Siri pronounces each consonant
and every dead lover's name
with crystalline diction.

Dana Elizabeth Collins, eighteen, is one half of Eponym Magazine and was a Foyle Young Poet in 2019. Her work has also been published in Little Stone Journal. Her main poetic influences are Olivia Gatwood and Edna St. Vincent Millay, whose sonnets you can regularly find her gushing over.

JAMES ARKWRIGHT

James is an 18 year old art student, currently waiting to start his Art Foundation Diploma at Kingston University. All three of these works rely on the idea of relinquishing control to the medium in order to create an outcome which is both unique and inimitable. By doing so, James conveys a one-of-a-kind personal connection to a space through a piece of art which could not be recreated. The idiosyncrasies of the work, as provided by the unpredictability of the medium and process used, seek to communicate the fact that our personal connections to a single space are truly our own.

UNTITLED (STAIRS) from his project "Frames"



For "Untitled (Stairs)", James carved a simple rendition of his school staircase into foam board and then exposed the board to ink, which reveals the outline of the stairs. The unpredictability of the process creates an outcome which reflects the personal connection we as humans form with physical spaces.

*UNTITLED (EARRINGS) from his project
"Journeys and Pathways"*



*UNTITLED (PENDANT) from his project
"Journeys and Pathways"*



"Untitled (Earrings)" is the result of exposing upcycled plastic to molten paraffin wax. The wax then solidifies, allowing gravity to dictate the final outcome. No two earrings are alike, which seeks to communicate how the ongoing crisis regarding sustainability and single-use plastic was caused - and hence must be remedied - by humans.

"Untitled (Pendant)" was created from an impression of a wall in Embankment. The impression was then moulded in paraffin wax and cast in pewter via the lost wax casting technique, before being exposed to iron oxide solution in order to give it an oxidised black finish. As it is worn, the black finish slowly wears away to reveal the one-to-one replica of the physical space beneath, so as to illustrate the personal connections we as humans form with our surroundings.

I think there were tears in her breastmilk

for everything that we would be

loving and yelling, holiness sealed in the rusty glass of her
mother's perfume

this is for you, our loving and yelling and alcohol.

a holiness that only women know with each other

so after we are hit and feel like we have never been loved

or we just weren't built happy

the nest of beads and fabric that we build eternally for & by
each other will prove that fear is nothing compared to the
tradition of touch

then she gave us little pots of chocolate and coconut with
familiarity that could never be lost because it was tied with
millions of other lovethings

then, we were happy.

J E A N K L U R F E L D

In Jean's words: "Women and mothers/daughters especially have a unique bond, and by some combination of psychology, sociology and chemistry the relationship has been somewhat unchanging throughout history. All these parallels between mothering and daughtering happen all over the world, and it's so complicated and hard and painful at times but it's also very lovely and caring and eternal."

Fate's Red Thread

From the heart flows an artery,
Pulsing through solid chest
Through sinewy arm
Through delicate pinkie
And out. A red string spurts
From the fingertip
And runs

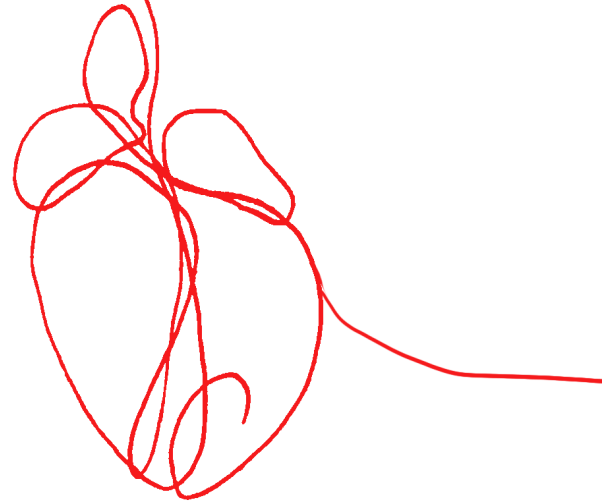
Into the expanses of the world
Plunging into oceans,
Weaving within schools of fish,
Pushing between beach grains,
Racing through concrete cracks,
Crawling around buildings,
Creeping along tree branches,
Tracing mountain silhouettes.

The macramé of humanity
Is woven thoughtfully.
Each knot's twist a lesson taught, learnt.
Each stitch of the web holds significance.

There are no mistakes;
Destiny is not clumsy.

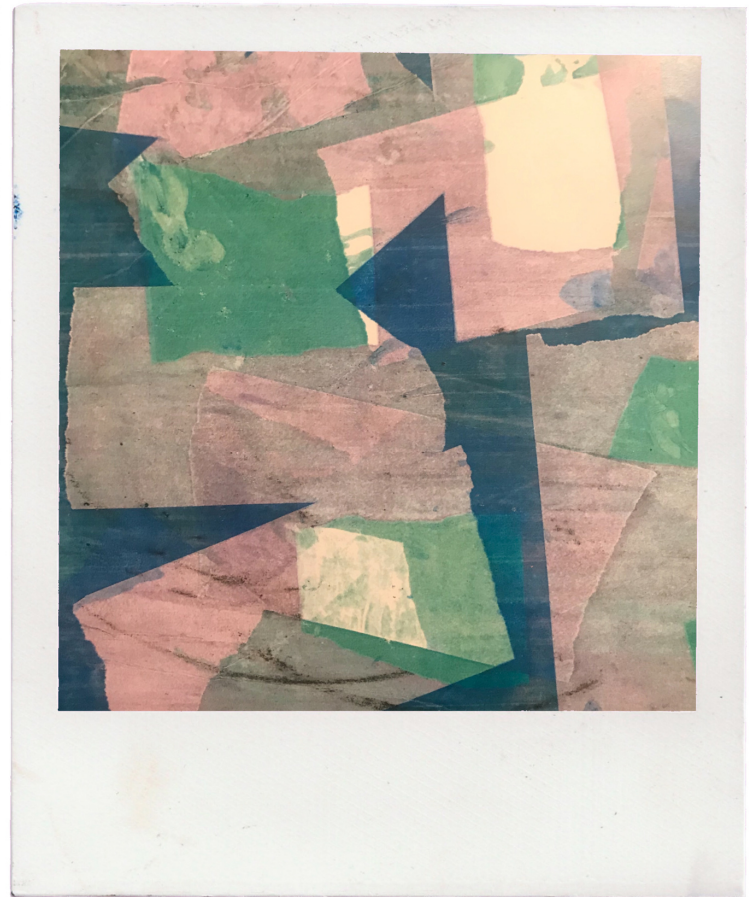
Aleena Jan Khan

Aleena Jan Khan often uses creative outlets as an escape from her more cerebral academic pursuits. The 18-year-old hopes for a future within journalism (writing numerous articles for newspapers in the United Arab Emirates, where she resided for 7 years) or politics, where she aims to destigmatise mental health issues and promote LGBTQ+ rights.

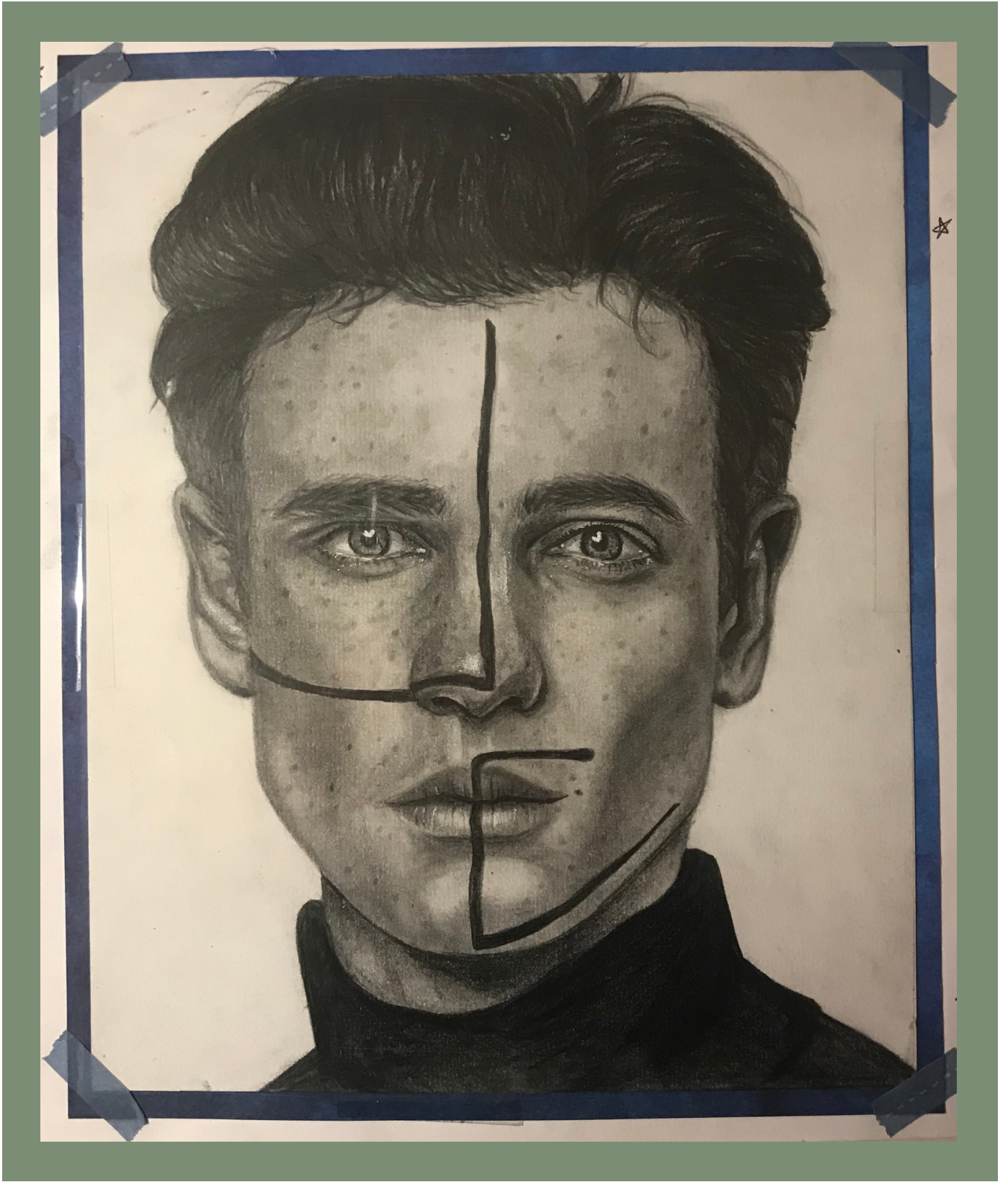


WARSHA AHMED

THE PARALLEL OF THE GENTLEMAN



In Warsha Ahmed's "The Parallel of Gentleman" and "Connect the Dots", she explores men's expression of emotion, and how it may be rejected or ridiculed by society.



CONNECT THE
DOTS

LEAVING THE LITHOSPHERE

- Maya Weekley

leaving the lithosphere and wishing
you were here, I have a rocket full
of memories I want
to watch burn,
grandma's in an urn a million
miles above earth,
no-one can hear her now-
does she not remember?
years of december in
our fire pit embers,
burning up the pages of some
document or other,
and having fun - but cleaning up was a bother,
I took out the telescope belonging to my
brother and
looked into the moon while the moon
saw me-
a genderless speck in a white galaxy,
sending sad brain waves through
telepathic messaging,
you are never near. a space-
man out of our lithosphere

Maya Weekley is a poet and short storywriter from south London.

In the dream I had last night

- Libby Russell

The sun has given up on us and you,
you are wearing the darkness like a scowl.
There is nothing around but golden sand for

miles, and turmeric rice raining from the sky.
Everything is perfectly cold, and the three
of us are triangulated spitefully, glaring.

Wild things begin to tear themselves from
settee cushions on the horizon. I am trampled
by an elephant; my broken ribs staple me

to the ground, to watch you torn apart
by a lion. He looks on and laughs, he laughs
and laughs, and then some great winged thing

plucks him into the air, and he howls until
he disappears from sight. Then we are alone,
and I am wishing I had asked you to kiss me

goodbye. I'm wishing I had said, "Sorry, sorry,
sorry" until you vanished from my dreams and
I knew that you'd forgiven me. Instead, a dozen

mourners wearing our faces dig a shallow grave
for you. The vulture, watching overhead, considers
picking at my skin, to create a wake for one, but

only circles, circles, finding these proceedings,
in spite of the sticky brilliance of our blood, just
too bleak to scrounge one last meal together.

Peacetime

- Libby Russell

There are times so grave no man should survive them,
And men who have survived them still.
There are days so dark no devil could outlast them,
And mine, who has endured them all.

But pain like that can make a mild man mad.
I see it in his eyes in peacetime,
Or in the way he flinches
From my gentleness, as if his body has forgotten
The shape of my love. How I want to love him still!

Yet can't help but see those dark carpenters,
Whittling at my lover's bones,
Until I share a bed with a limp marionette,
And on waking, find the bed sheets cold.

Still - none are dealt more than they can bear,
Inch by inch, shifting their burdens out to time.
I pull him from rain-logged fields and carry him
To shore, where salt-water laps his wounds,

As I bear witness to his gasping submission,
His palms rise to face a clear sky.
My sweet boy empties his pockets of driftwood,
While I collect it for the hearth fire.

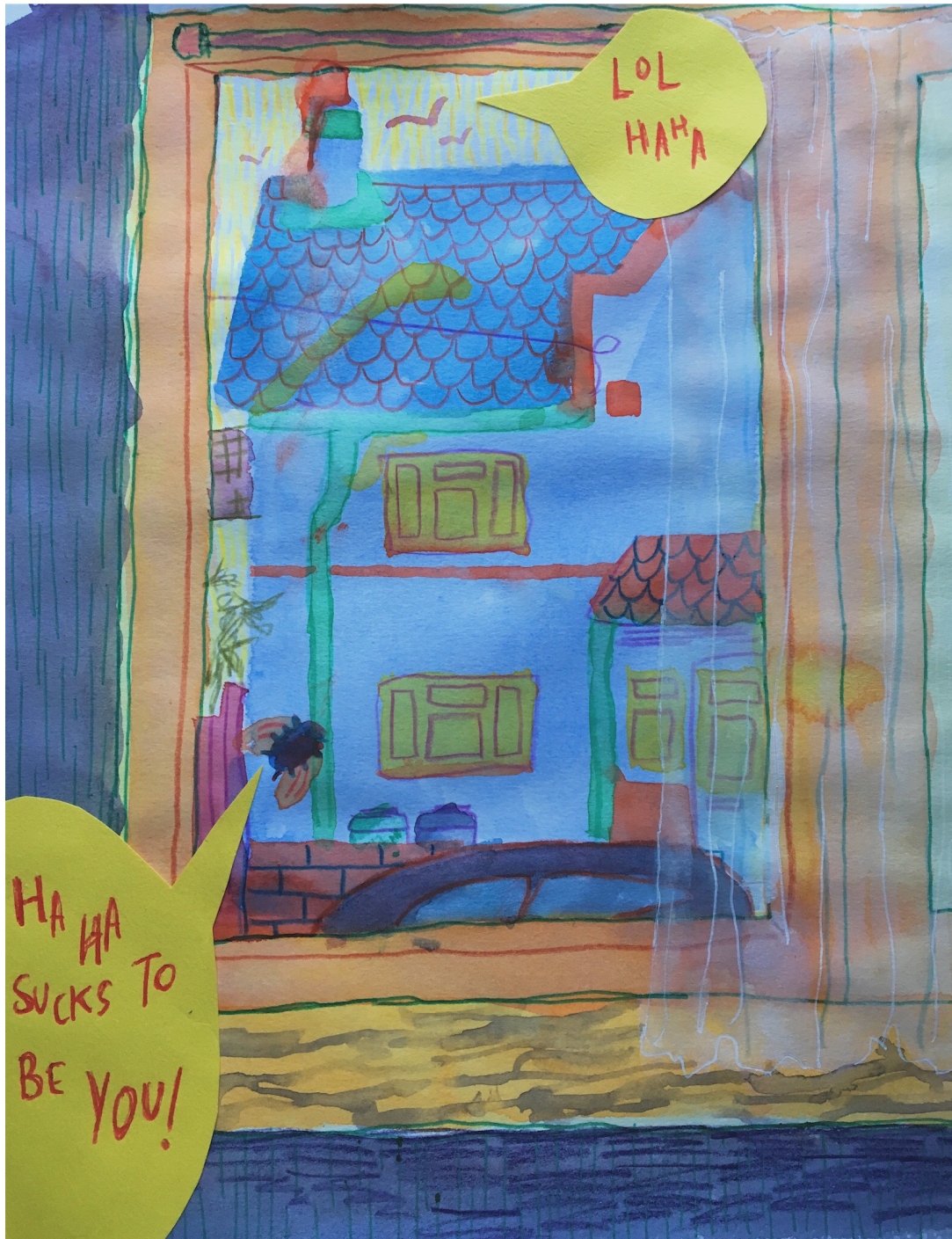
violets

- Libby Russell

We live in a room of rectangular things.
She is always bumping into corners,
always covered in bruises, cursing her thighs
for being so soft. There's a basket
of flowers dying on the windowsill;
I weave daisies in her hair, she feeds me
violets, bud by bud. I suck the bruises out
each night, learn to like their bitterness,
how it coats my tongue and teeth. She sews
stories on our bedsheets – we clamber over
the ottoman – my pillowcase is full
of denouements. When we sleep, we sleep
for a thousand nights, like this, in her dreams.

Libby is a writer from East Sussex on the south coast.
They're a non-binary socialist who writes mostly about
gender, class and family.

LOCKDOWN



BY LEO IOVIERO

Leo is an illustrator from Croydon. His only connection with the outside world during lockdown has been the view from his window. He thinks we collectively felt mocked by the nice weather while we were locked indoors, hence the unplanned painting.

UNTIL I SEE YOU AGAIN

ALAS, I FEAR THE FICKLE AND I FEAR THE ADJOURNED
THAT THOSE BEFORE THEE BROUGHT TO LIGHT
MY BRAVE SOUL, A KINDRED SPIRIT IN A QUAIN OLD WORLD.
DOTH THOU FEEL THE RAPTURE THAT LINGERS IN THE AIR TONIGHT?

THINE EYES A WINDOW OF A LOVE TO BE
AND A SMALL BLISTERING OF TRUST APPEARS
BUT THE SUN BEGINS TO SINK AT HORIZON BY THE SEA
THE LAST SAD LOOK WILL LINGER WITH A THOUSANDS HOPES AMID A FLOOD OF TEARS.

AYE, LOVE ART A WONDERFUL THING WHEN WE ART ONE
WITH BREATHS APART FOR THEE I FEEL VERILY ENAMoured
AND I GLEEFULLY LOOK FOR THE NEXT TIME WE COME TOGETHER WITH FUN
BUT WE HAVE SPENT ALL THE TIME WE MAY HAVE SECURED

UNTIL NEXT TIME, A BLESSING AND A SUNNY HOPE ATTENDS EACH PENSIVE SIGH
WHILE SOFTLY IN AN UNDERTONE ARE BREAKETH'D THE WORDS "GOODBYE"

- LEÓN

Estelle Taylor-Noel, 19 from Croydon, comes from humble beginnings but slowly and surely she and her sister are making their way to success with the help of the women in their family. Estelle is from St Lucia and Britain - and although writing has always been a strong suit for her she has decided to pursue Biology at university.

"León" is the name of the 18th-19th century Frenchman who shared a diary with an Englishwoman he loved, which Estelle's grandparents later found in a charity shop and shared with her. The letters and pressed flowers in this diary struck a chord with her, and inspired her to pen this sonnet, which combines León, his lover, and Estelle's own experiences of the pain and love in long distance connection. The last two lines of this poem are Leon's own, and the poet describes them as her favourite.

Courage and Stupidity

MIRIAM CULY

Courage knows Your body gives up;
It might hurt, but Your mind loses authority.
Does it anyway. And now you have
The problem is To do your best
Stupidity is exactly To stay still and
The same Just to rest.

And that makes But it will come
Life difficult, Around again soon enough,
Trying to work out As knowing when to stop
This game. Is pretty tough.
Wondering how far
You can push it The line crossed
Before it turns insane. Once more
Between courage
Trying to establish And something more
Some limits
Of what you can do. Well, stupid.
Trying to push the
Boundaries and then
Break through.

But trying not to
Push it too
Far over the line.
Then you lose
Control of your
Body and mind.

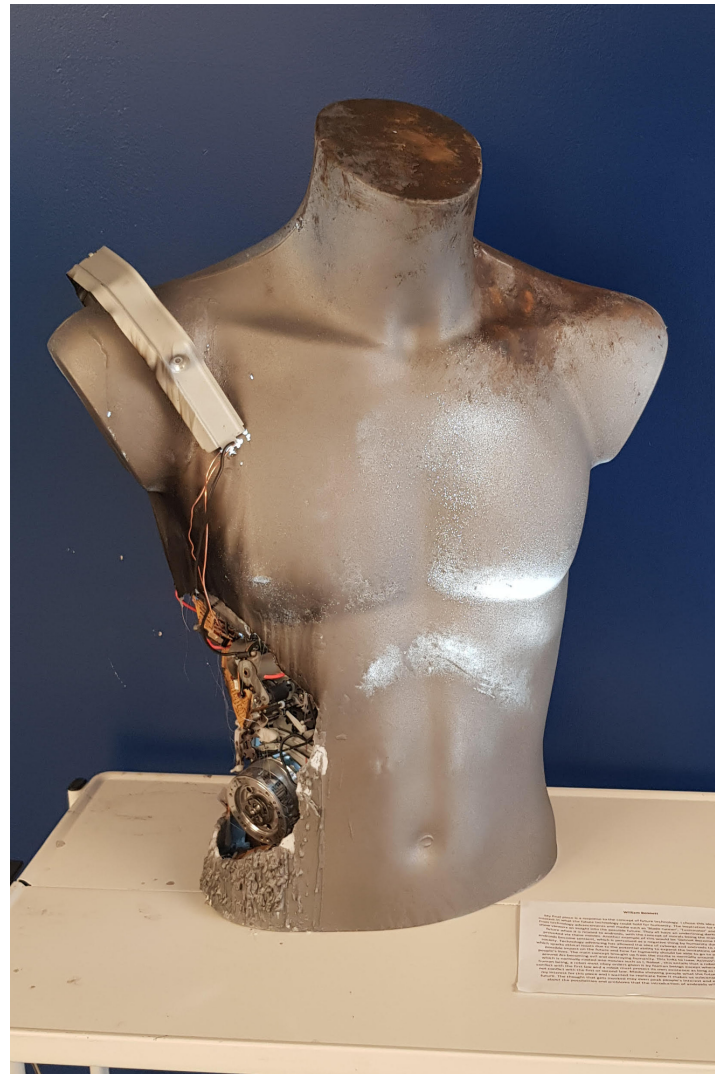
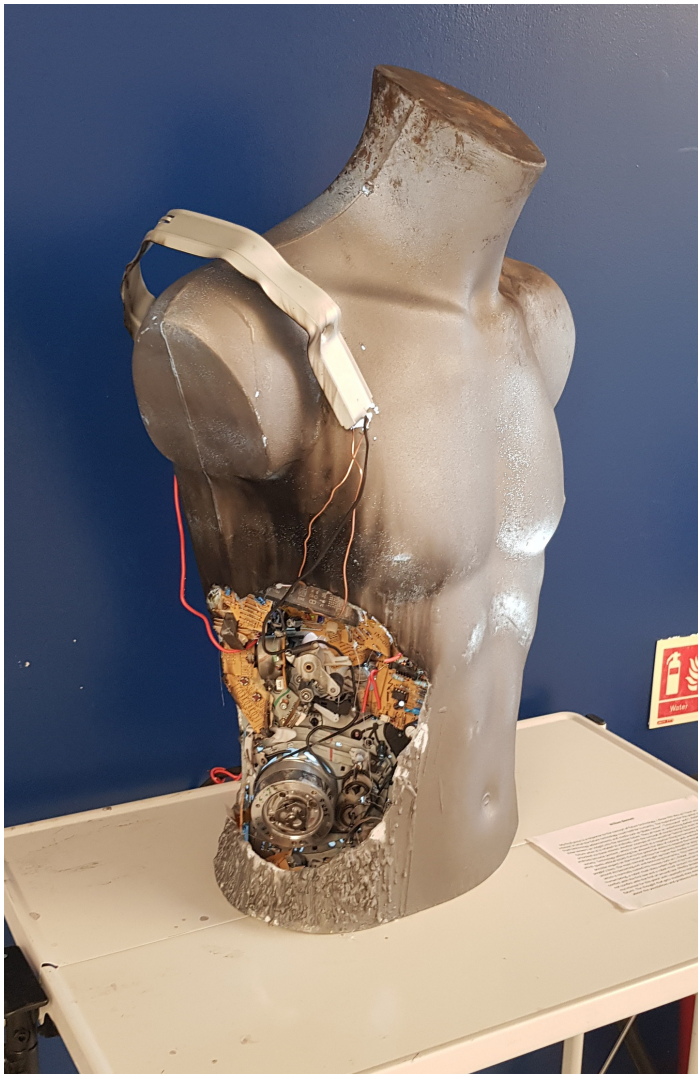
Miriam Culy is eighteen years old, and her inspiration for this poem comes from living with a chronic illness (M.E.) for the last 10 years. She describes poetry as an outlet to release her frustration and process her situation. "Courage and Stupidity" explores connection between the mind's decisions and the body's actions, and the consequences of pushing yourself too far.

They said write

They said, write poetry like you mean it write it for yourself, write it for the small things, for something greater than yourself, they said write poetry to recover, write it for grief, from grief, write up grief like a ladder to a better place. They said write like no one is reading they said don't read what you write they said read it out loud. They said write poetry in the morning, write it with coffee they said write it while washed away by vodka write it in the voice of a Russian sailor. Write poetry at night, write ten minutes a day write ten days a minute, write poetry with all the lights out, write with a strip light for added company. They said only write true things, they said the truth is a lie they said be free my child.

Suzanne Antelme

Suzanne Antelme is a three time winner of the Foyle Young Poets of the Year Award and has been previously long-listed in the BBC Young Writers' Award. She is founder and EIC for Little Stone Journal, an online litmag.



WILL BENNETT

This piece was inspired by various medias such as Blade Runner which depict growing connections humanity has with technology. Will wants to inspire conversations about what the future holds for us, especially centred around the ethics involved with the expansion of humanity's limits. The deep-rooted issues that are pre-existing in society may be brought to light as we project them onto technology, as shown in the media which inspired this piece.



WILL BENNETT

As inspiration for this piece, Will took an interest in mythology and its underlying importance, despite its diminishing prominence under the popularity of modern religion. This piece explores how society has allowed mythology to lose its mantle and be overtaken by modern religion.

Honey dissolves from crystals
with each clink of your chamomile.

You say
"open up to me"
I ask, "to what page?"

It would seem
that honesty
is a necessary evil
because the truth is a demon
I cannot hold in.

You look across the table
as though each word is another
donkey kick to the teeth.
Your orthodontist will be so mad at me.

I tear flatbread into
little bites
to distract my mouth.
It is working too hard
to keep the words churning.

I wish that being vulnerable was not so daunting,
if I were not so taunted
I would be normal for you.
You won't admit it but, you're annoyed.

I try not to look at you
in a way that conveys
that you've torn off my hinges
but it turns out closed eyelids
Are still see through.

I'll admit that your gentle
albeit clumsy grip
encompasses my whole world
in that unbound moment
and it's all I need to destabilise.

I chase the foam of my milkshake,
slurping to fill the gaps in your mouth.
You say
"open up to me"
I ask "to what end?"

BONDING ACTIVITY

- Leo Dragstedt

PALMISTRY

- Leo Dragstedt

She told me I had a prominent heart line,
for boundaries and openness.

That I know who to give my love to,
and how to give it.

It curves insatiably from middle digit
to the relationship line.

An arc of "I want it all",
to a pot of "I want it now".

My line of life

Crackles across my palm

With the charm of a static handshake.

It bleeds into my health line,

Stark across my wrist.

Below it,

Wealth and happiness,

We're unsure which is missing.

Health is a sign of healing,

Of caring and gentleness.

The line of the head is on the weak side,

But not so faint as fate.

Meaning I'm not headstrong,

but I make my own way.

She gathers these

like strings to weave

and enfolds my hand in hers.

"You've got a whole lot to look towards,

and even more to look out for

but I'm falling for you

just looking at those love lines."

NETWORK CONNECTIVITY PROBLEMS

- Leo Dragstedt

You and I go way back, You used to be
about a year and a half so attentive to me:
to be exact. Personalised ads,
When it first started... words flying back and forth across the screen,
It was electric. but now all I get are error codes
So curious, so delicate, and blank stares that make me want to scream.
you were this shiny mystery
as we adjusted the settings So I'm searching for a signal manually
and I grew used to the pressure but love is a two way street
you liked on your keyboard- and you can't even find the printer anymore.
So sensual- So how are you supposed to find me?
my fingertips No matter how much I need you,
pressing your buttons. no matter how desperately
I kept you in a little laptop envelope it's just loading, loading, loading,
like a love letter eternally.
and it was amazing how quickly So I think,
you learned everything about me: unless we get some counselling,
My thoughts, some viper protection,
my passwords, it's time to pull the cord.
my browsing history. And I don't believe in your battery
We just hit it off, anymore.
right from the start,
but now there's something
putting malware in my heart.

You used to respond so speedily,
each connection happening
automatically.
You and I together,
but now there are...
Delays.
and even though you're less than a foot
away,
I can't find words that aren't I miss you,
come back to me,
but all you do
is question the network connectivity.

Leo is a 20-year-old nursing student and spoken word poet.

Return

by C H Pilbeam

At the end, I stand
In your beautiful shadow;
Time laughs wicked cosmic contention.
And there you are,
The flawed invention,
Of two thousand dying stars.
I love you anyway.

You are chaos in abundance, and
You are lines across the sand.
Our happy middle is
Planted on strange lands.
I am alone;
I wrap myself in your clothes.
Thank God it came to this.

I will wait a while,
Listen to others' hearts,
Until you return, open your arms,
And carry me, gently,
Back to the start.

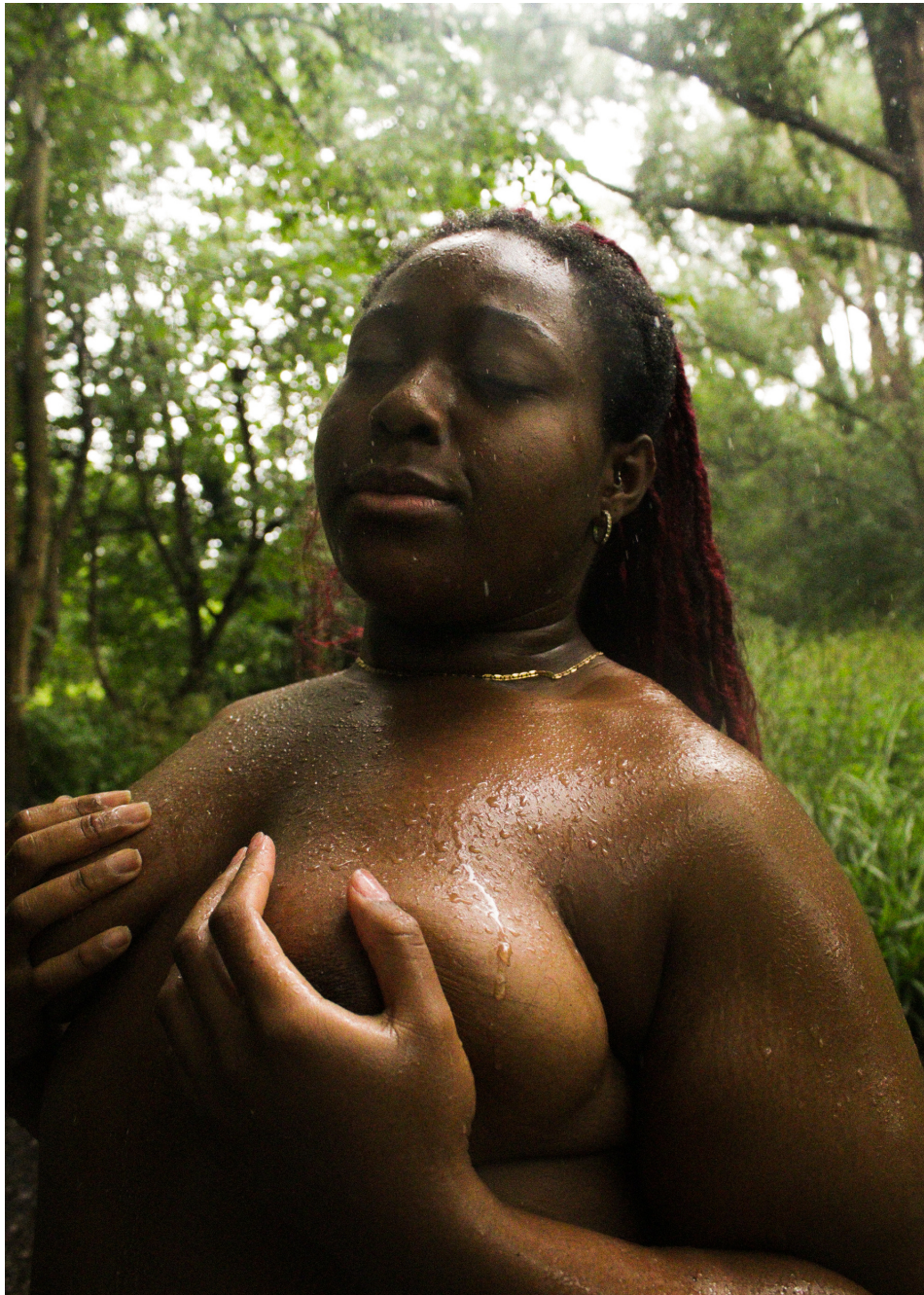
Christopher Pilbeam is a seventeen year old writer and actor from South London. He has written and performed for the Russell Actors company. During lockdown he has found poetry a crucial outlet, both in reading and writing it.

SKINS



SHOT BY LIBBY COOPER

A PROJECT ON CONNECTING WITH YOURSELF



LIBBY COOPER IS AN 18-YEAR-OLD LONDON-BASED PHOTOGRAPHER, CURRENTLY WORKING ON A PROJECT CALLED 'SKINS'. THE PROJECT IS FOCUSED ON FEELING COMFORTABLE IN YOUR SKIN AND CONNECTING WITH YOUR BODY. IN THIS IMAGE IS DAMI, A MUSICAL THEATRE PERFORMER.

TO SEE MORE FROM LIBBY AND FIND THE BEHIND-THE-SCENES OF THIS PHOTOSHOOT, VISIT @SHOTBYLIBERTY ON INSTAGRAM.

call it a rose

call it a rose,
but by any other name it would be just as sweet
to have and to hold,
to give, to be given, as a suitor's greet.

to love, in a time lapse,
as it blossoms a fibonaccian romance.
(leave the petals in their sepal:
"he loves me, he loves me not" is tempting chance.)

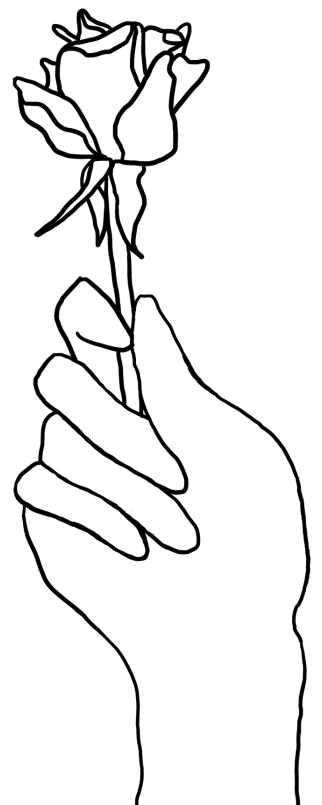
and once you have your pretty rose,
you painstakingly paint white flowers red,
so that they'll match the rest of the bed.
you ignore thorns speckling your hand sanguine,
because oh, how this rose matches your glasses so well,
that you clasp the crimson rose tighter still.

and even when your palms twinge crucified,
and my nerves insist i let go,
i clutch it so tight it clutches me back
and cry out, "but it is a rose".
and some part of me yells "out damned spot"
but a part of me knows this blood is my own.

but call it a rose,
because then you have a flower.
or cut off the rose to spite its thorns,
because a rose by any other name is barbed wire.

CARYS M. N. RICHARDS

Carys M. N. Richards, 18, from South London is the second half of Eponym Magazine. In this poem they explore the pain of staying versus the pain of letting go.



Dear You,

You're alright.

Suddenly, the black and white bursts through and the tears begin their descent,

Five months in and it all changes, light bursts through, and light is bent,

You're clean, you build and destroy and laugh,

Then it tires those that came before, you're alone and you learn to run your own bath.

You've been building and destroying for a while now and that should come to an end, it's how things are done here on Earth,

After another few years the destroying supposedly ceases, they give you some paper, give you a role, more paper and then say "There, that's what you're worth."

So off you march, stand-to, grind and sweat, occasionally you're ill or you're late but that's just fine,

Because you came in peace for all mankind.

If you work hard enough, something should change, and maybe then you'll be alright.

Wanting to share the bath you begin a new quest, on the prowl for boys or girls or anything that takes your fancy

You find one, tainted and alone, you both like this one band so you stand at either end of the aisle, and see...

They are the light now, it is so, except then

Nine months in and it all changes, you will never love anything this much again

You're dirty now and this is when you tire, suddenly the black and white bursts through but no tears begin their descent. You thought you had it figured out, work and be alright but now all the rules are bent. You built and destroyed and now you just forget to laugh, so laugh, laugh at this pointless pebble we call Earth because you stopped working and it's official, that piece of paper right there, that, that's what you're worth. You weaken and you feel it, this is almost the end. You understand that you'll never be alright again. But then you open a letter:

"Dear mum or dad or anything in between, it is your offspring here and I am loving whichever country or planet that I live in or on. Thank you for teaching me. I join the workforce next week and I must admit that I am devilishly excited for it all. In other news there is this pretty life form that likes The Smiths as much as me, that is strange is it not? Try not to miss me too much but also don't not miss me at all. You should pick up a hobby. Write back soon."

So, you do, and maybe then you'll be alright.

Luke Berridge

In Luke's words:

"I struggle to connect with people. Humans needing each other, to me, was an entirely abstract concept until I was told that the only person I could see for months on end was my mother and the delivery guy. So if there is one way I can connect with other people, it's that everything we are a part of... is fucked. But we keep going anyway."

EPONYM

2.0

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Illustrations provided by Eté Thurgood

Thank you to our submitters for helping to create Eponym: Connection and to you, our readers, for reading. We hope you enjoyed our second issue! Follow Eponym online to keep updated with information about issue 3.

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